GIRL AND A MAN

Agnes Starts in Working and Thinks She Hears a Remark

And that same night Agnes Morley lay awake for the first time in a year. The thought of her good fortune. and the excitement of picturing what the morrow might hold for her, brought that morrow into being long before she closed her eyes.

She had little doubt that she would

be able to satisfy her employers. I may be a little slow and awkward at first," she told berself, "but I shall try so hard to learn just what I must do that I must succeed. And perhaps, she mused for the dozenth time. "Mr. Hale will make things a little easy for me if he knows of Phil's and my friend-ship."

whip.

With this comforting thought in her mind, she fell anleep as the little clock on her mantel chimed 1. And, with the happy faculty of youth for throwing off nervousness when sleep appears, she knew nothing more until past her usual hour for rising.

"Dear child."

"Dear child."

Her aunt's hand on her forchead gwoke her. It was bright day and the older woman was bending over her, smiling down tenderly at her.

Ton were sleeping so soundly that I hated to rouse you." Miss Lucy said. "But it is much past our usual breakfast time But you said that on this first day you need not get downtown early. Your breakfast is crady, and I have brushed and preased your blue suit. So get up and dress, dear little Business Woman."

She Starts In. She laughed softly an she left the room, and Agnes, rubbing her sleep-dimmed eyes, arose and began to dress hastily, but carefully. She must look well upon her introduction to her enw

well upon her introduction to her enw position.

An hour later she entered an elevator in a hig downtown office building. With other girls and women, and a goodly number of men—some sleepy and morese in appearance, others hughing and jesting—she was shot upward at a rate that made her catch her breath. The elevator stopped at her word to the operator at the lift floor and Agnes stepped out, her heart thumping wildly with excitement as she thought of what was before her. On the ground glass panel of a door to her left was emblazoned the sign of Hale & Bainbridge, Importers."

She stood for a moment with her hand on the knob, fighting back a strange, frightened feeling that urged her to rush hack to the elevator and go home. In a moment she had conquered this panic and, turning the knob, entered.

She found herself walled off from the rest of the reason.

She found herself walled off from She found herself waited our from the rest of the room by a wooden railing. Beyond this were desks, over which several men were siready bent, noorting letters or writing. In one corner of the room a girl of her swn age was busy at a typewriter. Two other machines stood beside hers, unused at known.

That Offends Her. CHAPTER IV.

PRIMARY IN THE PRIMARY MOREY SHOPE TO THE SOFT END A VISTA OF TOOKS, and the soft gray of the river, dreaming in a spring haze.

A red marry months.

And that same night Agnes Morley awake for the first time in the soft gray of the river, dreaming in a spring haze.

A red marry months as the soft gray of the river, dreaming in a spring haze.

A red marry months as the soft gray of the river, dreaming in a spring haze.

A red marry months as the soft gray of the river, dreaming in a spring haze.

A red marry months.

She Asks for Mr. Hale,
"Well, what is it?" he queried, in the
tone of patronage peculiar to the office boy of the day.
"Is Mr. Hale in." the girl faltered.
"If so, I would like to see him."
"In, but very busy," the youth informed her brusquely. "Name and business alease."

"In, but very busy," the youth informed her brusquely. "Name and business, please."

"I have a letter for him," Agnes said, profering the note she had received the day before from the manager of the business school. She felt as if her courage were slipping away from her. Then she reproved herself sharply for being depressed by such an insignificant creature as this contemptible lad, and lifted her head defiantly.

"Kindly take that note to Mr. Hale," she said with a new dignify that caused the boy to flush as red as his hair.

"Wait a minute," be muttered, taking the missive and disappearing into an inner office.

After what seemed to the girl a long time, but was really only three minning, he reappeared.

"Mr. Hale will see you now," he announced, unlatching the gate. "Come this way, please."

He led her across the space between the railed enclosure and Mr. Hale's inner office. As she traversed this space several men looked up, fixing their eyes upon her in an appraising fashion. The girls turned their heads and inspected her.

The woman who was taking down stenographic notes, paused in her work, her pencil poised above her pad. Agnes wondered afterward how she herself had been aware of all thisfor she thought that she was looking straight ahead of her, her her gaze fastened on the bobbing red head of the boy who was conducting her to the great man's presence.

She knew that Mr. Hale was not a great man, only an ordinary business man—but just new it seemed to ber that she was about to face an august personage. Her knees trembled strangely.

One remark was borne to her ears as she reached the door of the inner.

One remark was borne to her ears as she reached the door of the inner

One remark was borne to her ears as she reached the door of the inner office.

"A peach—believe me?" someone behind her said.

She could have heen sure that it was the voice of the somewhat bald, stout person. Yet she had never heard him speak, so how could she recognize his voice?

(To be continued.)

UNKNOWN MAN STRIKES

HORSE OF J. H. BROMBER

A horse owned by J. H. Bromber was perhaps fatality injured Sunday afternoon at Montana street and Cotton avenue, when it was struck by an automobile, the occupants of which are unknown.

The horse, attached to a light wagon, was being driven down Cotton avenue.

Winifred to the park.

Helen Hurries Off.

Here's some money, Mary; enough for a ride on the lake and ice cream, and it whole of ten cents for my little girl to buy what efte likes with. She may wear the new pink dress, too, Mary, and I hope you both have the nicest time ever.

Helen Hurries Off.

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Helen Hurries O

machines stood heride hers, unused at the present moment.

Near a window another woman sat, a shorthand notebook upon her knee, smiling and talking with a man who was rather bold and whose stout figure entirely filled the swived chair in which he sat. The woman was one of the kind whom one would term capable. She seemed to be about 30.

Beyond all this, the windows of the

A Narrative of Everyday Affairs

Their Married Life V

Helen Goes To Luncheon With Warren and Meets Miss Lola Wilcox.

sharp. "At the office."
"Yes, that's as good as any place, and in the meantime you can decide where you'd like to take luuch."
"All right, dear," and with a little put on the shoulder Helen closed the door after Warren and returned to the living room. She would just loiter away, being lazy. There wasn't a thing for her to do, and it was going to be too het to exert herself at all.

thought seriously of taking her out of school.

"Don't you feel well, dear" she asked tenderly.

"I feel hot," Winifred said, pulling her dress away at the neck and twisting around uneasily.

"How would you like to go to grandma's."

Helen said this with compunction. She hated to part with Winifred for the entire summer, but she was determined to speak to Warren about it now that the weather was so warm. Almost before she knew it it was 12 o'clock, and she would have to hurry if she wanted to be on time.

Helen hurried through her dressing and was finally satisfied that she would do for the afternoon. She left word with Mary that she was to take Winifred to the park.

ing that would go on when it was too

Grown older and more voluble the child flings out at someone who hurts him. "You'll be sorry when I'm not here any more"—planning the while to run away from persecution and being so sorry for the poor little abused self be visitors.

be visions.

Grown to manhood, that child is probably too busy to be sorry for himself very often. But grown to womanhood, his twin sister includes in the doubtful pleasures of self pity far too fracularity.

from the following states of self pity far too frequently.

It is against the morbid joys of self pity that I want to warn women.

I read a very lovely little verse not long ago, Its musical expression charmed me. Here is is, read it over and notice how it illu-and then read it again and see what a perfect example it is of the thing I criticles.

When I am dead and over me bright April Shakes out her rain drenched hair. Though you should lean above me broken hearted,
I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful.
When rain bends down the bough. And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted.

OPHELIA

late. Ob, the luxury of that misery!

Suppose you meet me downtown this noon and we'll have
lunch together and take in one
of the beacher. Warren seld as he was
leaving the house.

"To love to dear; it's going to be
hot, and it will be great to get out
of town."

Warren was in a particularly good,
humor and he grinned broadly.
"We'll go in the car. No expursion
business for me. I'll get it out on
the way down, and have it all ready
when you meet me, say at 1 o'clock
sharp."

"At the office."

"Yes, that's as good as any place,
and in the meantime you can decide
where you'd like to take lunch."

"All right, dear," and with a little
put on the shoulder Helen closed the
door after Warren and returned to
the good and removed her gloves, she
"As soon as they sharted and
the general. They declared that it is all
right to lea soldier in the United
States, but that the men stationed in
Maxico have to work too hard."

The men fold me that there are two
or three descritors daily, said the
general. They declared that it is all
right to lea soldier in the United
States, but that the men stationed in
Maxico have to work too hard."

The said of the fact that
Warren was pleased with her appearand in the meantime you can decide
where you'd like to take lunch."

"All right, dear," and with a little
put on the shoulder Helen closed the
door after Warren and returned to
the good and returned to
the good and returned to
the good and the good and returned to
the good and the good and returned to
the good and with a little
put on the shoulder Helen closed the
door after Warren and returned to
the good and returned to
the good and th

woman just coming in. The latter's eyes were wide and impudent under beavy lashes. She wore a white inflored hat with little white wings sticking our all over it. There was not a speck of color about her excepting for the red in her lips, which was marked, but, Heien thought in all fairness perfectly natural. It was

who had finished ordering, looked up suddenly and his gaze followed Helen's. A moment later Lola Wilcox and her escort were pausing at their table.

Friends Meet.

Warren was on his feet in an instant and Lola Wilcox was shaking hands with him cordially.

"I don't believe I met Mrs. Curtis. did IT she questioned easily, and at Helen's negative reply she continued: "Well, I am very glad to know you. Babble Bell has spoken of you so aften."

Miss Wilcox introduced her escort, famous artist, and Warren, anxious be cordial, surgested that the two t at his table.

sit at his table.

"Oh, thank you, but I don't think we'd better," the woman replied in the slow drawl that was so fascinating. "We are going to snatch a bite before we are off for the day, and I know you have ordered lunch."

"That doesn't make any difference," Warren insisted. Helen writhed mentally. She did wish Warren would not insist now that the woman had given him a chance to refuse."

"Well, if you are sure you don't

well, if you are sure you don't mind if we eat and run," and without any more preamble Miss Wilcox prepared to sit down in the chair next to Helen's. Helen felt vaguely hot and uncomfortable. The feeling of well groomed comfort that she had experienced when she and Warren had come into the dising room had vanished.

vanished.

Somehow this woman of the world made her feel dawdy. Already the day was spoiled for her. Why couldn't Warren have left well enough alone?—Copyright. 1916. International News.

Fig. 1 over all still and indulge in an orgy of weeping over your inisfortunes. Instead get up and throw them off. Refuse to be miscrable. Be assumed to be miscrable. You can the

very minute you stop being sorry for yourself and are disgusted with your-self for sitting still and feeling per-

Being Sorry For Yourself

By BEATRICE PAIRFAX.

STMPATHY is a very splendid ish you when you are living and whose thing when you bestow it on others. But it is dangerous and weakening when you administer it to yourself in large doses.

Many of us have a very good time with our sorrows and miseries. We hug them to ourselvers—and actually enjoy them.

The always like that. Being sorry for yourself leads you to sit helplessly by, visioning how the people who have abused you will grieve some day over their failure to appreciate you.

Who doesn't remember the time when, as a child, punishment which seemed unjust was meted out and he lay sobbing on his bed planning his own funeral and the weeping and wathing that would go on when it was too

GEN. GONZALES TURNS OVER TWO OF PERSHING'S MEN

To Mrs. S. S. Hogers, 1892 Arizon

To Mrs. Ramon Padilla, 505 East Tenth, uly 5. To Mrs. W. E. Dawson, 515 Raynor, July 4. To Mrs. J. H. Hord, 405 East the Grands.

ily 10. To Mrs. Guilletmo Martinez. 412 South huo. July 7. To Mrs. L. A. Ethridge, city, July 4.

ing "1" inchwell, 4014 Cumberland. L. Parker, 1318 Texas, Perd tour-

Licensed to Marry. Jose Bustamento and Guadalupe Martinel Charles C. Bowers and Manuel Penne. Bulaila Samaren and Viviano Moreno. Deaths. Angelita Ortega agest one month, Ham est boulevard, July 15; buried in Con

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-particularly when that advice refers to habits that directly affect one's health and comfort.

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Freedom from caffeine gives Nature right of way to rebuild and revitalize the mental and physical forces.

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Complete squipment

hearted Than you are now." An exquisite bit of verse that—and an exquisite tillustration of what a good time we have being sorry for ourselves. What a uneless performance self pity is: If one could talk to the lady in the tyric, how one would like to may."My dear madam, why break your heart about this cold and cruel person who has not the inclination to cher-

